THE PORT FOLIO
ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.] [No. 35.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS
IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER II.

The Earth....Sulphur predominates in it....Theory of the North-West wind.

But, to fix the nature of the climate, that of the earth, or the kind, and mixture of its component parts must largely contribute. The northern part of Asia sufficiently proves this. It is bald, but incomparably colder than North-America. This is ascribed to the nitre, which abounds so much in the soil. In the soil of the Atlantic North-American states, sulphur appears to be predominant. It is said they cannot find saltpetre in sufficient quantity to keep the powder-mills going. Saltpetre, indeed, counteracts corruption, and no climate is so putrefactive as that of North-America. Apples and other fruits rot upon the trees. The sulphur is likewise the cause of the rapid vegetation. But this violent growth seldom allows the fruits to attain a perfect maturity. They rot before hand, and you constantly see upon the trees green fruit, half ripe, and already rotten. Among the native inhabitants, you find the same rapid developement of the body, and a premature old age. To this superfluity of sulphur in the soil, may likewise be ascribed those sultry heats which come on so suddenly in the summer, and occasion fainting fits. On this account the American trees grow the quicker, and perish the quicker likewise: they are subject to premature decay, and to the attacks of numerous sorts of vermin. The earth imparts its properties to the plants; the beasts feed upon the plants; and the men upon both beasts and plants: consequently all the bodies must have properties corresponding to those of the constituent part of the earth. The frequent thunder storms prove the abundance of sulphur...That substance now and then falls in rain...The water is often covered with it. There are examples of its taking fire, in fishing by torch-light, as is customary there, and by touching the water with a torch. The frequent fevers, especially among those who dwell near the water, are also, by the physicians, imputed to the sulphureous exhalations.

The greater warmth to the westward of the Allegany mountain, than under the same latitude in the Atlantic part of North-America, may perhaps be occasioned by the extensive natural meadows, bare of wood, the ground of which was therefore accessible to the rays of the sun, and might be warmed by them. Perhaps, however, the soil is there otherwise constituted; it is at least incomparably more fertile.

We are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the general theory of the winds, to ascribe the cold of North-America chiefly to the north-west wind; for it will not answer to suppose it proceeds from the north pole. For this north-west wind does not blow, to the westward of the Allegany mountains, at the same time when it traverses the Atlantic parts. To the westward, winds altogether different prevail, and none of them is so cold as the north-west in Atlantic North-America. If this wind came from the polar lands, it would be at the westward of the mountains, nearer to its source, and of course colder. But all travellers there affirm the contrary. Finally, the west wind is in the middle states at least as cold as the north-west, which proves that the several chains of mountains which are called the Apalachian mountains, and among which the Allegany is the highest summit, by forming the separation of the two oceans, must be considered as the cause of this cold westerly wind....Another circumstance confirms this. The north-east wind brings rain throughout the whole eastern coast....West of the Allegany mountain, it is a clear, dry, and cold wind; a proof that it has dropped in rain all its earthy vapours, upon its journey from the ocean over the mountain, and that the mountain has imparted to it, in its passage, a coldness which it did not possess nearer the coast. In travelling over the Peter's mountain, near Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, which runs to the west of the blue hills, parallel to, and not far distant from them, I saw plainly, that a great part of the clouds of rain, which the north-east wind drove upon it, remained suspended on the eastern side, and that it was much clearer on the western side. Thus many vapours are stopped on the east side of every chain of mountains, and the wind grows continually less damp.

Though of all that has been written upon the American climate, therefore, the best in my judgment is what the abovementioned Williams has published, yet I cannot accede to his opinion, that the north-west wind comes so far from the polar lands. The theory of the winds is not yet sufficiently known to determine whether they pass over so great an extent at once. It is indeed known of the trade winds; but these are regular only upon great seas; upon large continents they are not. But, in the present case, it is utterly impossible that the north-west should blow from the polar climes, unless all the travellers have concurred not to tell the truth. The causes have just been seen.

I believe, therefore, it may be adopted for a certainty, that the Apalachian mountains, are the only cause of the cold west and north-west winds in Atlantic America, and the following fact must make it yet more probable. This circumstance, which as far as I know, has not yet been remarked by any traveller, is as follows: westward of the summit of the Blue hills, called in some places Kittatinny, in others the North-hill, it rains not often with a north-east or yet more easterly wind, but generally with the south-west wind. This proves that the north-east wind does not proceed beyond the Allegany mountain, but rebounds back, and still carries with it the watery vapours. This further proves, that when cold east and north-east winds blow at the westward, they are cold streams of air generated upon the mountain itself, which pour themselves towards the warmer and thinner atmosphere on the Missisippi; but not the cold north-east winds coming from the Atlantic ocean, charged with vapours, which do not proceed beyond the Allegany mountain, but strike its east side, and rebound backwards. It has also been found, by corresponding observations, that when to the eastward, north-east winds blow, for several days together, altogether different winds have prevailed in Pittsburg. The rebounding north-east wind comes with its watery vapours from the south-west, owing to the following causes....The mountains run from north-east to south-west, nearly parallel with the coast. The easterly wind proceeds from the north-east point, in the neighbourhood of the banks of Newfoundland. This wind consequently strikes upon the mountains, but in an acute angle. The two considerable summits of the Blue and Allegany mountains, meet in the southern part of Virginia, not far from Staunton, in an acute angle together. Here they rise to their greatest elevation. In this angle consequently the north-east wind presses together all its vapours; and as it can proceed no farther, it must turn back, and carry them with it, by the same way through which it came. Hence it commonly rains, west of the Blue hills, with a south-west wind, originating in the north-east. And when the rain has fallen, there comes immediately from the Allegany mountain a cold west, or north-west wind, which clears up the sky again.

The cold winds always come down from the Allegany mountain. Whence proceeds then this cold property in those mountains? This question has not yet been examined. Can it be owing to the numerous iron mines which they contain? I am far from pretending to decide this question; but I shall here take the liberty to give my opinion concerning it.

The Apalachian mountains (which name I give to the whole collective chain of mountains) are not indeed all very high, if you reckon their elevation from their feet; but they stand upon a level which is itself high. For the land rises gradually from the sea, and where it begins to swell into hills, they are never so high upon the western as upon the eastern side; which is likewise the case with the great chains of mountains, so that from the ocean to the summit of the Allegany mountains you are constantly ascending. The height of the Allegany above the surface of the sea, is calculated at four thousand feet. This is six hundred feet higher than the highest ridge of the Hartz in Germany. Even the vallies, therefore, not far from this mountain top, must be at least two thousand feet above the sea. At such an elevation the air must be considerably cold. Besides, the Apalachian mountains consist of altogether barren, rocky chains of hills, whose component parts are perhaps of a colder nature. Even the larger vallies are full of stony hills, of small fertility, and there is only a very little fruitful level ground, just along the side of the rivulets. All this is covered with wood of slender growth; excepting the pines, which are tolerably stately, but grow only upon a good soil. Consider further, the great extent of this mountainous region: from the Blue hills to the Allegany the distance, in Pennsylvania, at most places, is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred English miles.

And there are considerable gaps in the mountains before you come to the Blue hills. The nearer you draw to the Allegany mountain, the colder you find the climate. The vegetation opens at Philadelphia four weeks earlier than at the Blue mountains: they are not clear of snow, when Philadelphia is surrounded with verdure.

Here then are causes amply sufficient for the cold winds. From the summit of the Allegany, westwards to the Missisippi, the coldness of the climate diminishes again, and its warmth increases, in proportion to the proximity of the river. But the cold winds from the mountains cannot blow here so often, or so strong, as to the eastward, for the following reasons: there is on that side no sea, over which in winter the air can be warmed and attenuated, particularly by the gulf-stream, flowing from the torrid zone, considerably more than over the abovementioned terra-firma. The cold air, therefore, rushes not with the same violence down from the mountains*; for, as to the westward, there is nothing but land, the equilibrium must be more nearly maintained in the atmosphere.

The exemption from the unpleasant north-east winds, coming from the sea, must give the western climate a great superiority over that to the eastward; for after several days of heat, these north-east storms pour down a cold rain upon the Atlantic states. The air is then thick, oppressive, and relaxing. It attacks chiefly the bowels, and a change of cloathing becomes necessary.—South-east winds on their side, bring in like manner, streams of warm wind—South-west winds bring fair weather.

Beyond the mountains in the internal part of North-America, the unpleasant damp sea winds and the changes of weather proceeding from them are unknown; the climate there must, therefore, be steadier. Its greater warmth, to which almost all travellers testify, may perhaps be chiefly owing to the nature of the ground, and perhaps to the extensive natural meadows, formed, it is said, by the burning away of the woods, and exposed to the heating rays of the sun; and also to the diminished force and greater infrequency of the cold Apalachian winds.

MISCELLANY.

(From the Loiterer.)

Sum Animi dubius. VIRG. 3. GEOR.

MR. EDITOR,

As you have entered into a kind of contract to supply the public with a regular succession of amusement, you will not surely disdain accepting the contribution of one who is no distant relation of your family, and a great admirer of your undertaking.

On this presumption I have after much debate, and more hesitation (for it is not my way to do any thing in a hurry) set down to communicate to you some anecdotes of my family and myself; which if sufficiently interesting to amuse your readers, neither my ancestors will have lived, nor I written in vain.

I am the only son of Sir Dilatory Doubtful of Dubious-Hall, in this county, descended from an ancient and honourable family long settled at that place. Our ancestor was one of those Norman barons who did William the Conqueror the honour of accompanying him in his descent against England: Of whom it is recorded, that after every thing was fully prepared, and part of the troops were embarked, and just as he himself was stepping on board, he, all at once recollected, that he might possibly perish in the expedition, or that his estate might suffer considerably in his absence; and would have inevitably turned back, had not some of his companions hinted to him, that malice might impute to cowardice what was really the effect of foresight. He therefore (after changing his mind about twenty times more) resolutely set forward; and in reward, I suppose for his feats of valour, received from the hands of the Conqueror the lordship of Castle Dubious, with all its fiefs and appurtenances. The curious may search for the original grant in Doom's-day book.—From this time our family spread rapidly, and soon formed alliances with the most respectable of the English nobility —the Shatterbrains—the Daudlers—the Loungers —the Lingerers, and, as I before observed, the Loiterers were not ashamed to cultivate acquaintance, and acknowledge relation with the Doubtfuls. Neither the civil wars of the Henries or Edwards, nor the religious persecutions of Mary and her father, were at all destructive to our ancestors, who in the true spirit of their family, changed their party under the first, and their religion under the last, on the most moderate computation, about six times; by which trifling sacrifice they escaped those severe punishments which more obstinate people deservedly incurred. Happy! could the same timeing system of politics have always preserved their persons and estates from the oppression of party, and the plunder of sequestration.

And here, were I to consult my own feelings, should I drop the pen, and leave my heroes in this state of meridian splendour, in imitation of those who finish the history of this country at the peace of sixty-three; but truth demands a different conduct, and bids me pursue the decline and fall of our race, with the same accurate impartiallity, with which I have marked its rise, and traced its progress —In that melancholy period, when

> " Civil dudgeon first grew high,
> " And men fell out, they knew not why."

My great grandfather, Sir Ralph Doubtful was seized with the epidemic fury of the times, and after various resolutions and irresolutions, determined to raise a regiment of a thousand horse, at his own expense. One thing, however, a good deal embarrassed him; he had not yet made up his mind on which side he should employ them. Nor can it be matter of wonder that a point which has puzzled the ablest legislators, should have been too much for the brains of Sir Ralph. He had perused, indeed, with eagerness and attention, the remonstrances of the parliament, and the manifestoes of the king, but their arguments were, unluckily, so equal, that he always found himself of the same opinion with that which he read last. In this dilemma, he determined to have recourse to history, and get himself perfectly acquainted with every part of the constitution. He, therefore, instantly fell to rummaging his library, which (having once belonged to a convent, whose revenues had been granted, at the dissolution of religious houses, to our family) contained a most choice collection of books.—Here he immediately fell foul on Fabian and John Rous, who gave him a prodigious deal of information—hence proceeding in a kind of *retrogressive* motion; he next attacked the Chronicle of Croyland; and at last William of Malmsbury, Gildas, and venerable Bede himself were forced to descend from their dusty shelves to increase the knowledge, and settle the tenets of this insatiable politician.—As some of the above works are rather voluminous, and Sir Ralph was not a very fast reader, I think it much to his credit that he fairly read through them all, and had completely finished his course of historic studies in little more than two years. At the end of which period he found himself just as wise as when he first began. And the world would have been in danger of losing the exploits of this hero, and the writings of his historian, had not the offer of a pension and a title, in case of success, determined this disinterested patriot to side with the king.—From this moment my worthy kinsman was no longer wavering in opinion or lukewarm in zeal; his doubts were all cleared, and his fears were all removed, he even made as much haste as he could to enrol, arm, and discipline his regiment; towards which he had not yet made the least preparation.—I have already observed, that it is not the characteristic of the Doubtfuls ever to put themselves in a hurry; nor had his love of loyalty, or his hopes of a reward, any visible effect, on determining his measures, or quickening his motions: on the contrary, he continued in his usual course to doubt, to deliberate, to approve, and to reject. A twelvemonth passed away before he could enrol a proper number of men; six months more were spent in teaching them to ride gracefully; and in settling the colour of their uniform. It took him up at least an additional six—to determine what plan of operations would be most effectually pursued.—At last every thing was settled exactly to his mind, and on the thirty-first of January, one thousand six hundred and forty-eight, Sir Ralph set forward, at the head of his corps, mounted on a most formidable charger, vowing to take signal vengeance on every ill-fated puritan who should come in his way.—His plan was the most extensive, and at the same time the most simple that can be conceived: as easy in its accomplishment as decisive in its effect. It was indeed no other than to march immediately to London, unperceived by the army of the parliament, of which there were scarce twenty thousand between him and the metropolis—as soon as they arrived there, they were to make themselves masters of the tower, and, of course, of his majesty's person. A troop was to be detached to take possession of Chatham, and all the forts on the river. About thirty privates, headed by a serjeant, were to beat the train-bands out of the city; and Sir Ralph himself obligingly undertook to murder the lord mayor. Every particular being thus adjusted, there remained not the least possibility of a disappointment; the whole party moved on cheerfully, the men in spirits from the hopes of pay and plunder, and their chief elated with the thoughts of his pension and his title. They were not, however, suffered long to enjoy their delusion; for before they had marched many hours, they were informed that his majesty had been executed the day before: this was a terrible blow both to the new colonel and his followers, for the latter deserted by handfuls, and the former, with the small remainder, quietly surrendered themselves to a party of the parliament horse, which soon after came up with them. But the worst was yet to come, for as he was taken in arms, his family were instantly voted *malignant*, and his whole estate delivered over to the care of the committee of sequestration.

The failure of his hopes, and the ruin of his estate, threw him into a violent fever—hard fare and the damps of an unwholesome prison, completed what disappointment had begun, and my unfortunate ancestor soon after finished his mortal career. From this period the glory of our house declined apace; neither my grandfather or father possessed the genius or spirit of enterprize which distinguished their ancestors, and consequently made not the same figure in history, as the illustrious personage whose memoirs I have been writing.—Before the death of the latter, indeed the estate became so much encumbered, that he found it impossible to breed me up in the hereditary idleness of the family; a misfortune which he might lament, but could not avoid; he, therefore, wisely resolved to give me such an education as should qualify me for filling some very important employment, which he intended to procure me, at a proper time; but whether it was to be civil, military, or ecclesiastic, he was not quite determined. I was accordingly sent from home to school to the university, and from thence sent abroad (where after passing a sufficient time) I returned to my father's house, in order to take possession of the aforesaid employ

* Because it rushes towards the sea, and consequently in the eastern direction.

ment; towards obtaining which, I have reason to think, he had as yet made no great advancement. However, about a week after my return, he took me into his study, and not without a great deal of previous preparation, made me a long harangue on the subject of his provident care and paternal affection; which he concluded with the following words—"You are now, my son, entered into your "twenty-eighth year, and it is not, therefore, too "early to begin turning your thoughts to your fu- "ture profession in life; I would not, however, "wish you to hurry yourself in a point of so much "importance to your own happines, and the good "of the public. Take, therefore, time to consider "the matter well, and at the end of two or three "years, make me acquainted with your determin- "ation."

To this affectionate speech I made as affectionate an answer, and from that moment began my deliberations; but whether the different professions are really so very equal, or whether I am but an inaccurate distinguisher, whether my genius was alike fitted for all or for none, I know not; certain it is, that at the expiration of three years I was obliged to beg a little more time to fix my determination, which my father most readily granted, and even greatly commended me for not having decided too hastily.—This was certainly not the way to quicken me, and accordingly month passed away after month, and year after year, in the same way, and it was not till the age of thirty-five, that I found my talents were best adapted to a military life. This determination was made a little too late, for just as my father was endeavouring to procure me a commission, he was suddenly cut off in his eightieth year by a paralytic stroke, and left me, as his father had left him, the inheritor of an incumbered estate and a ruinous house.

With the death of my father expired all my love of a military life, and I resolved to sit quietly down, and endeavour to find some expedient for paying off my mortgages, and re-building my mansion-house. For effecting this purpose, numberless schemes occurred, and each had their peculiar advantages, but as each had their peculiar disadvantages too, I was most exceedingly embarrassed in my choice, and some more years elapsed before I could fix upon any. At length, after approving and rejecting a variety of plans, just as I had entered my forty-sixth year, I was fully convinced, that to marry some pretty sensible girl of eighteen, of a good family and large fortune, would be the most eligible step I could take.

This resolution being once formed, there remained only to find among my female acquaintance, some person worthy of this high honour; and soon two candidates started up, whose claims were in every respect so very equal, that never throughout a life of doubt and hesitation, do I remember being so terribly put to it before.—The young ladies in question were both heiresses of good fortunes, and descendants from good families; both very amiable and very pretty. Nor do I at all know whether I should ever have settled this point, had not one of them obligingly settled it for me, by marrying a man, who, it seems, had been debating the matter with the lady, while I was debating it with myself.—The difficulty of choice was now most happily removed, and I set forward the next day with the most desperate intention of making an offer in form to the other, who now reigned sole mistress of my affections. Great, however, was my surprise to find on my arrival, the whole house was in confusion, and still greater to hear that Miss had, that morning, eloped with a young officer, who had been some time quartered at a neighbouring town.—Struck with such complicated instances of female perfidy, I returned home in a phrenzy worthy the occasion, and should certainly have made away with myself, could I have determined in what manner to effect my bloody purpose. But I was fortunately so long in deciding, which was the most fashionable mode of suicide, that before this doubt was settled, another arose, namely, whether the reception I should meet with in the other world, would be such as to make me amends for having quitted this in such a hurry; and I therefore deferred to some other opportunity, my journey to that country from whose *bourn no traveller returns*.—This adventure having perfectly cured me of my matrimonial inclination, I have ever since led a very quiet and tolerably happy life, having my peace of mind disturbed by scarce any other doubts and uncertainties, than whether I shall put on my *blue* or my *brown* coat, and whether my Sunday's pudding shall be *boiled* or *baked*.—One thing, and one only, has at times, indeed, a little ruffled me, but that I have now settled to my satisfaction, and I hope, sir, to yours also.—For it having some how occurred to me, that as I am turned of three score, and do not intend to marry, I may possibly leave no *legitimate issue* to emulate my virtues, and continue my name, I have determined, therefore, to bequeath to you Mr. Loiterer, my whole estate, real and personal, on condition you take the name and arms of Doubtful, and promise to lay out the profits of your work in repairing the old mansion, and improving the estates.—And I do hereby assure you, on the word of a gentleman, that it is my most irrevocable determination (if you do not forfeit my good opinion, and if I do not change my mind) to make you my heir and sole executor; in token whereof, I assure you, that I am,

Your affectionate relation,
And humble servant,
DANIEL DOUBTFUL.

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INCONVENIENCE OF A LEARNED WIFE.

[From the European Magazine.]

SIR,

There has been a great deal of debate and much shedding of ink in the learned world for some time past, respecting the rank that women ought to hold in the scale of creation. Some sour old bachelors have thought, with Sir Anthony Absolute in the play, that women may be taught their letters, but should never learn their mischievous combinations; others, of a softer mould, have in a manner depressed while they exalted them, by bursting forth into rapturous eulogiums on their amiable virtues, which they would at the same time confine to the kitchen and nursery; while a third sort, with more liberality than the one, and more boldness than the other, have contended that literature alone exalts the female character, and that every step a woman mounts in the ladder of learning makes her more eminent in excellence:

"Victorque virum volitare per ora."

Among the votaries of the third sect I beg leave to enrol my name. I began life with a determination to run counter to the established usage of mankind, in the choice of a wife. For I sighed when I reflected on the slavish subjection in which man detains his injured helpmate, in defiance of reason, and in contempt of humanity; I burnt with all the zeal of a Don Quixote to fight the battles of this last and fairest work of nature, and resolved to show the world that I felt what I expressed, by drawing some deserving female from humble life; by providing her with books in all the learned languages, superintending her education with scrupulous anxiety, and at a fit period leading her to the altar, crowned with the never-fading flowers of sagacity and erudition. This grand scheme I immediately put in practice, in the following manner:

You must know, Sir, there is a small shop opposite my study window, which professes to sell gingerbread, earthen-ware, gilt paper, peg-tops, and treacle. To this house of miscellaneous fame I had been accustomed to see a little girl come two or three times a week, and generally return with a handful of gingerbread. This did not at first appear very extraordinary, till I observed the gingerbread to be decorated with the letters of the alphabet, which the sagacious infant devoured more with her eyes than her teeth. This pleased me; it seemed an earnest of future literary greatness, and immediately determined me to gain some acquaintance with the damsel, in order to find whether at some future period she was likely to answer my matrimonial speculation. In a few days I found out her abode, and waited on her mother, an industrious washerwoman in the neighbourhood; told her my tale, to which she did "seriously incline;" and ended by requesting that she would put her daughter under my tuition. The old woman thankfully accepted the offer, assuring me that her daughter was one of the *'cutest girls in the whole street;* and having called her in, and acquainted her with the subject of our conference, I had the satisfaction to find that she expressed an entire readiness to submit to my instructions. We accordingly departed, hand in hand. Little Phœbe (for so she was called) immediately entered upon her course of lectures with an alacrity that both surprised and pleased me. She learned to read even quicker than Madame de Genlis's infant prodigies; soon became acquainted with a large portion of English literature; and in the course of a few years was mistress of the French, Italian, Greek, and Latin languages.

I now considered the time as having arrived, which fate had fixed for my marriage. Phœbe made no objection; a license was obtained; and Dr. Stedfast and Phœbe Morris were introduced to the public, by means of the morning papers, as husband and wife. My pleasure did not, like that of many others, end with the honey-moon, but received a daily accession of delight; for surely no woman, since the time of Queen Elizabeth, was ever possessed of such rare and valuable virtues. The common failings of common women were unknown to Phœbe; her lofty mind "towered above her sex," and displayed such a collection of singular endowments, as, conscious as I am of my inability properly to display, I cannot resist the temptation of endeavouring to describe.

The first talent on which my wife piqued herself, was high spirit. The tame acquiescence of Mrs. Shandy she utterly despised, and indeed gave numerous and forcible proofs of the contrary extreme. For instance, she spoilt me a famous edition of Pope's Works, by throwing a volume into the fire, in which the author had stigmatized some lady in these words: "No ass more meek, no ass more obstinate." She next tore the cover from a volume of Swift's Letters, because he called her sex a race hardly above monkies. Her third stretch of prerogative was displayed by throwing Congreve's Plays out of the window, because in one of them he had declared,

"That women are like tricks by slight of hand,
"Which to admire we should not understand."

Nay, she proceeded so far as to send an elegant edition of Orlando Furioso to the pastry-cook, because Ariosto expressed a wish that Angelica had fallen a sacrifice to the frenzy of Orlando; and actually banished poor Virgil from the house, because he had given her sex a neuter gender, and inveighed against them as "varium et mutabile." These diminutions of my library, only served to increase my admiration for my wife, as I considered them fresh proofs of that independent spirit which is so necessary to enable a woman to bear up against our encroaching sex, and is so rare to be met with in our squeamish days.

The next quality in my catalogue, for which I have to compliment my Phœbe, is her contempt of dress. It is a notorious fact, that many women

ruin their husbands merely in silk, lace, and muslin. My spouse is so far from running into extravagance in these articles, that I verily believe she has not two yards of either in her possession. Her general dress is a linen robe, floating loosely about, and fastened at the breast with a Roman fibula. In this robe, and an old pair of sandals, she is accustomed to wander through the woods, or by the side of some purling stream, with all the solemnity of an ancient sage.

The third virtue which Phœbe boasts is chastity. This you will acknowledge is no bad quality in a wife. With what rapture have I heard her read Ariosto's account of ancient Amazons, and Hayley's Dissertation on the ancient Maidens of this country! She has completely cleared my house of every female with a tolerable countenance, that I may be kept out of temptation, insomuch that I may challenge the whole county to produce such a race of scarecrows. I have already told of the ravages she has made in my library; but I forgot to mention, that she has insisted on my parting with a volume of Greek Poems, because there was a small portion of contraband goods on board, which was no other than that famous Ode of Sapho, beginning

Φαινεταί μοι κεῖνος ἴσος θεοῖσιν,

merely because the expressions were not reconcilable to her ideas of decorum.

Thus, Sir, I have endeavoured to give you a faint sketch of the numerous virtues of my Phœbe; owing, no doubt, to the learned education I have bestowed upon her. Her particular traits of character, her impromptus, bon mots, &c. I shall leave to some future and more able biographer to describe. But candour obliges me to confess that this blaze of excellence does not seem quite congenial to the feelings of those who frequent my house. The majority of my acquaintance, not being men of very profound erudition, endeavour as much as they can to keep out of her way; for she has an odd custom of putting questions which their capacities are not always equal to answering. She once frightened Mr. Simper, the dancing clergyman, from my table, by some inquiry relative to the plusquàm perfectum of a Greek verb; and no longer ago than yesterday, while Sam Sweetwort, the brewer, was entertaining the company with a description of his phæton and four, Phœbe stopt him short in the middle of his harangue by the following lines from Ovid:

Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summæ
Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.
Per juga chrysolithi, positæque ex ordine gemmæ
Clara repercusso reddebant lumina Phœbo.

Such, Sir, are the various advantages, to be derived from marrying a learned woman, advantages which none but a philosopher can properly estimate, and which none but a philosopher should endeavour to secure. For it might possibly happen, that a man of confined education would not, for the sake of distant and speculative advantages, willingly forego the common routine of domestic comfort. Such a man might think his wife better employed in making custards than in making syllogisms; in pickling cucumbers than in extracting the square root. He might allow a woman a proper degree of spirit, without wishing to tear her husband's books, or box his ears; and, if he were extremely precise, might assert the possibility of preserving her reputation for chastity, without banishing her husband *à mensa et thoro*.

I am, &c.

GABRIEL STEDFAST.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

I lately listened to the conversation of two of my city friends, who were indulging some romantic reveries, respecting the ease of a Farmer's life, and the profits of husbandry. These gentlemen, although both were established in a lucrative profession, were eager for an immediate migration to fields and fountains, and were positive that gold might be gathered from every haycock, and that Tranquillity had no more favourite residence than in the woods of Genessee, or on the banks of Mohawk river. I listened to their raptures with a smile of incredulity, for as I had actually lived many years in the country, I knew the fallacy of these extravagant rural speculations. The story of Dr. Shifler in the Idler tells the whole truth, and after the perusal of the following remarks by a writer of admirable sense and forcible expression, perhaps the dream of rural riches will vanish away.

"The pleasures of rural life form one of the common places of the poets, and they have adorned it with the richest colours of description. He who believes their representations will deem nothing more conducive to his happiness than to fly to the remotest wilds, to forests dark with shades, to rivulets gliding over pebbles, to plains clothed with verdure, covered with flocks, and resounding with the shepherd's pipe. That pastoral poets should indulge in such luxuriant descriptions is not wonderful; but even Horace, the man of the world, and the poet of common sense, has, in some passages, yielded to the delusion, and endeavoured to extend it."

The employments of agriculture and the life of the husbandman have also been described by the poets, to use the language of Addison on another occasion as,

Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight.

Under these two prepossessions, the one in favour of rural felicity, and the other of the joys of farming; the man of business in town, whether professional, or commercial, has toiled for gain with the hope of retiring into the country in middle, or declining life; which he indulges with no less ardour, than if he were going into Elysium on the day of his long wished for retreat.

But the blaze, which imagination kindled has been extinguished on approaching it; the vision of happiness has vanished, like a dream, on hastening to its actual enjoyment.

It is natural to inquire into the cause of the disappointment. Rural delights are certainly great; though exaggerated by the poet's fancy. Rural employments are certainly natural, amusing, and healthy; though extolled too highly when represented as furnishing delight, unalloyed with vexation.

Persons, who retire to rural life, raise their expectations too high above the pitch, which human enjoyments are ever found to attain. A golden age, when the earth brought forth her fruits with spontaneous exuberance, must be revived to satisfy the ideas of felicity, which they have connected with the operations of agriculture. Success in farming, and without success there can be no pleasure in it, depends on the labours of those, who are commonly unwilling to labour hard for a gentleman, and who, under the appearance of rustic simplicity, conceal a low cunning scarcely compatible with honesty. The defective work, the exorbitant demands, the discontented dispositions of these soon give a very different idea of rural swains, herds, and shepherds, than was received from the poets. These alone are able to convince him of his error, who retires to a farm as to an occupation of uninterrupted tranquillity. Though his circumstances should be such as cannot be affected by any of their injurious treatment, yet his temper will probably be tried by their perverse behaviour; he may not be deeply wounded, but his ease will be effectually destroyed for a time, though he should be only scratched by a bramble, or pricked by a thorn.

Inclement weather and unfavourable seasons combining with improper management, render the produce of the farm, after great expense, and no little solicitude, scanty and ill-conditioned. The object in a lucrative view is perhaps inconsiderable; but disappointment even in trifles, when the heart is set upon them is bitter. Thorns and briars, thistles and nettles are the crop, where wheat was cultivated, or where figs and grapes were expected. Instead of seeing lands laughing with corn, the disappointed gentleman farmer hangs, in a pensive posture, over the gate of the field, that smiles as it were in mockery with the red poppy, the blue bugloss, the yellow charlock, the white bearbind, the silky mallow, and the feather topped dandelion.

If he delights in a garden there are also vexations will spring up among the choicest fruits and flowers. See yonder wall most beautifully covered with peaches that blush like the cheeks of Hebe and Maria. He has chosen the tree with the nicest judgment, trained them with incessant care, and now they are ripe, and to-morrow the finest shall be culled, for it is Maria's birth-day. To-morrow's sun arises, and lo! the wall is stripped. Some caitiff, at the midnight hour, plucked them all with unrelenting hand, and by this time they are safe in the market.

He delights in poultry; he feeds the chickens and the ducklings with his own hand. He chooses the most beautiful in plumage, the largest in size, the finest for the table. But that varlet, Reinard, has stolen them all, but a few that were shut up in a coop to be fattened for newyear's day. These, however, he preserves; but, upon computing the expense, he finds that he might have bought them much fatter and finer at master Hodge the farmer's, at half the expense.

He fattens his own hogs, and every bit of pork stands him in double the money he could buy it for at the butchers. He keeps a dairy, but the cows die with disease, the calves are still-born, the butter rancid for want of care, and the milk sour. Hodge would supply his table with every article, cent. per cent. cheaper than he can make it at home, and without the least trouble, or hazard of a bad commodity.

Fortunately for the crows and dogs, he keeps a little flock of sheep with the prettiest musical bells ever heard in the country. But for want of skill and care in the management, half of them die of the rot, or are worried to death by curs. Those, which he kills, furnish his table with an inferior mutton, as dear as venison.

He brews his own beer, presses his own cider, and bakes his own bread; but three times out of four the beer is bitter, the cider vapid, and the bread, luckily for the pigs, heavy.

Thus disappointed, he is ready to exclaim with sighs,

Vitæ me redde priori. HORACE.

and looks back with regret on the ease, plenty, liberty, and sociableness of the city, which he once detested.

But I do not mean that a conclusion should be drawn that the country and rural employments, are not able to furnish much pleasure. My wish is to convince persons, who retire into the country late in life, for * *ease only*, that they must not raise their expectations of rural happiness too high; and that in pursuit of ease they ought not to engage in farming to any great extent, because it is an employment full of anxiety and care, subject to much disappointment, and as little adapted to procure ease as the commerce of the busy trader, the employments of the statesman, the lawyer or the physician. He, who wishes in retirement to enjoy all the tranquillity, which the country can

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* ....Ut in otia tuta recedant. HORACE.

afford should rather be a spectator, than a sharer in the employments of agriculture; and be satisfied with inhaling the sweet air and viewing the delightful scenes of the country, without troubling himself, unless he is skilled in husbandry, to raise and produce those necessary commodities of life, which he may purchase at the market cheaper and better, without any anxiety.

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In the progress of my evening studies, I affect variety both for my own amusement, and the gratification of my readers. I hurry from this book to 'tother; from prose to poetry, and mingle both in my medley collection upon a plan similar to that of the purveyors of a dessert, who take care to furnish grapes and pears, and provoke the fickle palate with *piquant* ginger, or sooth it with bland almonds and the luscious fig. Moore's Anacreon presents the following, which is as sweet and fair, as the lovely flower it celebrates.

THE ROSE.

While we invoke the wreathed Spring,
Resplendent Rose! to thee we'll sing....
Resplendent Rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chastened dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The graces love to twine the Rose;
The Rose is warm, Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss?
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The Rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
And cull the timid flowret thence,
And wipe, with tender hand, away,
The tears that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems
Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs,
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dies;
The nymphs display the Rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The Rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold inured clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay;
And when, at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet, as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour even in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend....for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by Ocean's briny dews....
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclos'd the nymph of azure glance....
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures drest,
And wanton'd o'er its parent's breast,
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd *the Rose....the boon of earth!*
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly-orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming wine;
And bade them, on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn!

BIOGRAPHY.

Robert Burton, brother to the Leicestershire antiquary, is noted as the author of a once popular book, the "Anatomy of Melancholy." He was born at Lindley in 1576, and studied for the church, first at Brazen-nose-college, then at Christ-church, Oxford. In 1616 he was presented to the vicarage of St. Thomas in Oxford, and he had also the rectory of Segrave in Leicestershire, both which preferments he held till his death. He was a close and general student, addicted to judicial astrology, and well versed in all the shool learning of the times. He was a man of great integrity and benevolence, but of a humorous and melancholic temper, which gave an oddity to his conduct. When in his melancholy fits, nothing would divert him but going to listen to the ribaldry of the bargemen, at which he would burst into loud peals of laughter. At other times he was one of the most facetious companions in the university. It was to soothe his melancholic disposition that he composed his "Anatomy of Melancholy," a singular work, treating on the causes, effects, and cure of that morbid affection, chiefly by quotations from all the authors of antiquity, which abound in every page, and are thinly interspersed with thoughts of his own. These, however, are often very striking, and display much depth and originality of reflection. The work was first printed in quarto, and afterwards went through several editions in folio, to the great emolument of the bookseller. It is now become very scarce, having been recalled to notice by an ingenious essay of Dr. Ferrier of Manchester, who, in detecting many other plagiarisms of the celebrated Sterne, has pointed out various passages copied verbatim from Burton. The author was not cured by his own remedy. He died at Christ-church in 1639, and the following inscription of his own writing was put upon his monument: "Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic jacet Democritus junior, cui vitam dedit & mortem melancholia:" (Known to few, unknown to fewer, here lies Democritus, junior, to whom melancholy gave life and death.)

LEVITY.

THE ART OF LACONICOGRAPHY.

[From the Freeman's Magazine.]

In Gulliver's Travels we find an account of a people, or a sect of wise and economical men, who knowing what a precious thing breath is, and how frequently it is wasted on trifles, carry about with them a number of things, by means of which they make their sentiments known without the trouble and fatigue which attend speech. I am about to trouble you with some memorials of a friend of mine, whose economy extends principally to writing; and although I believe he can converse as volubly and as much to the purpose as most men, yet preserves, in all his letters, the most inflexible adherence to that kind of writing which is denominated the *laconic*.

As we live separated by some hundred miles, we have no opportunity of conferrence, unless by letter; and my esteem for him is such, that I am always glad to receive the smallest scrap from his pen: happy it is for me that I am so; for I assure you, sir, I never receive any thing but the smallest scraps from him; all my endeavours to draw from him a long letter have hitherto been in vain; twenty of his epistles would not make up the sum of a common letter of business: and so very saving is he of his ink (for he sends paper enough), that I very rarely can get a *dear sir* from him, and yet he thinks I am so well acquainted with his hand, that he hardly ever signs his name. As to the place of abode, or the day of the month, or even the month and year, these are things left entirely to my conjecture.

I once had an idea that my friend had taken the alarm at the too common practice of printing confidential letters after the death of a great man, and that he was determined no person should have it in his power to serve him so; but when I consider his modesty, and that he thinks much less of himself than other people do who know him, I am satisfied that my conjecture is not just; and that with every talent for easy and elegant epistolary correspondence, he would be the only man hurt at the publication of his letters in any shape. As I told you before, however, he puts this quite out of my power; for were I disposed to publish such as I am possessed of, five hundred of them would not fill up the space of a shilling pamphlet; and, what is more, the want of date and subscription would lay me open to a flat denial of authenticity from any of his friends. Since your Magazine appeared, I have told him again and again that I would send you some of his letters, but he gave neither consent nor dissent; and I am determined to try the experiment, and perhaps draw from him eight or ten lines in answer, which will be an acquisition of no small moment.

While I am writing to you, sir, I have received a letter from him. A sister of mine who lives in his neighbourhood, being near her time, as it is called, and my correspondent being very intimate in the family, I asked him to write me an account of her health, or whether delivered; in truth, I was here choosing one of two evils, for her husband is as laconic as my friend. The letter I received contains the following twelve words, and no more.

"*All tight as yet, but very weary, and looking out for land.*"

No signature, and no date; and a wonder it is that he took the trouble to address it to me. Many instances could I give of this provoking *laconicism*, but I shall confine myself to two or three, presuming they will be sufficient.

My friend possesses a considerable sum in the bank, and I am employed by him as attorney, to receive dividends, or sell, if need be. I wrote him on the approach of a rupture with Spain, as many conceived that the stocks would fall, and were selling out their money; the answer was,

"*Dear Sir,*
"*Sell if you think proper, but not all.*"

The appearance of *Dear Sir* was novel, but so much was yet left to my judgment by the *not all*, that I was obliged to request he would let me know *how much*—and the answer was,

"*I will cansider of it.*
"*Yours sincerely, &c.*"

And bere that affair ended, as he has never since considered any thing farther. A very great riot having lately taken place in the town where he lives, I wrote to him for the particulars, without ever reflecting that he was the last man in the world I could expect such information from. The following is a literal copy of his epistle:

"*All quiet now, and no great mischief done.*"

The only other instance of his brevity, with which I shall trouble you, occurred on the death of an uncle: on this melancholy occasion he sent me an *official* notice, as follows:

"Squaretoes *is gone—brush your black cloathes—but he has left you nothing.*"

Had not a newspaper at the same time informed me of the death of this gentleman, I should have been very much puzzled to know who was meant by *Squaretoes!* But thus it is, sir, that I am treated, in return for whole sheets of paper, closely written, and which, I am told, he is very impatient to receive.—I hope you will insert this in your next number; for if any thing can draw a letter from him, that will—and if the scheme succeeds, you may depend on my most grateful acknowledgements.

I am, sir, yours,
T. B.

THE COMFORTS OF A CLUB.

Sir,

I have read in Tavernier, or some other traveller, of an English merchant who was cured of an inveterate gout by a severe bastinado, prescribed by a Turkish chiaus in his return to Constantinople with the head of an unfortunate bashaw. It was, doubtless, a severe remedy, and not very easily administered; but it proved so effectual, that the patient never failed, during the remainder of his life, to drink every day to the health of his Mussulman physician. Though I never underwent such a painful application, I myself have been cured of a bad habit by a very unpalatable medicine; to use the phrase of Shakspeare, a certain person *gave me the bastinado with his tongue.*

You must know, I am a middle-aged man in good circumstances, arising from the profits of a creditable profession, which I have exercised for many years with equal industry and circumspection. At the age of twenty-six I married the daughter of an eminent apothecary, with whom I received a comfortable addition to my fortune. The honey moon was scarce over, when we mutually found ourselves mismatched. She had been educated in notions of pleasure; and I had flattered myself that she would be contented with domestic enjoyments, and place among that number the care of her family: for my own part, I had been used to relax myself in the evening from the fatigues of the day, among a club of honest neighbours, who had been long acquainted with one another. The conversation was sometimes enlivened by quaint sallies and sly repartees; but politics formed the great topic, by which our attention was attracted like the needle by the pole; on this subject I had the vanity to think I was looked upon as a kind of oracle by the society. I had carefully perused the Universal History, together with the Political State of Europe, and pored over maps, until I knew, *ad unguem*, the situation of all the capital cities in Christendom. This branch of learning was of great consequence to the members of our club, who were generally so little acquainted with geography, that I have known them mistake the Danube for a river of Asia, and Turin for the metropolis of Tuscany. I acquired some reputation by describing the course of the Ohio in the beginning of our American troubles; and I filled the whole club with astonishment, by setting to rights one of the members who talked of crossing the sea to Scotland. During a suspension of foreign intelligence, we sported in puns, conundrums, and merry conceits; we would venture to be inoffensively waggish in bantering each other: we sometimes retailed extempore witticisms, which, between friends, we had studied through the day; and we indulged one or two senior members in their propensity to record the adventures of their youth. In a word, we constituted one of the most peaceful and best affected communities in this great metropolis.

But the comforts of this and all other club conversations, were in a little time destroyed by a stranger, whom one of the members introduced into our society; he was a speculative physician, who had made his fortune by marrying a wealthy widow, now happily in her grave. The essence of all the disputants, gossips, and attornies of three centuries seemed to enter into the composition of this son of Æsculapius; his tongue rode at full gallop like a country man-midwife; his voice was loud, flat, and monotonous, like the clack of a mill, or rather like the sound produced by a couple of flails on a barn floor—our ears were threshed most unmercifully; we supposed he was an adept in all the arts depending upon medicine, and a politician of course by the courtesy of England; but all subjects were alike to this universalist, from the most sublime metaphysics to the mystery of pin-making: he disputed with every one of us on our several professions, and silenced us all in our turns: not that he was master of every theme on which he pretended to expatiate; on the contrary, we soon discovered him to be superficial and misinformed in divers articles, and attempted to refute what he had advanced, by breaking out into divers expressions of dissent, such as, "But, pray sir"—"I beg your pardon, sir"—"Give me leave, sir"—"I will venture to say you are misinformed in that particular," and other civil checks of the same nature; but they had no effect upon this hard mouthed courser, except that of stimulating him to proceed with redoubled velocity. He seemed both deaf and blind to the remonstrances and chagrin of the company; but dashed through thick and thin, as if he had undertaken to harangue by inch of candle. We were so everborne by the tide of his loquacity, that we sat for three successive evenings half petrified with astonishment and vexation. Sometimes we were cheered with a glimpse of hope that this torrent would soon exhaust itself; but, alas! we found him a perennial source of noise and disputation. I could not help repeating with Horace,

> "Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
> "Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

The most provoking circumstance of this nuisance was, that he did not speak either for the entertainment or information of the company; he had no other view but that of displaying his own superiority in point of understanding; his aim was to puzzle, to perplex, and to triumph; and, by way of manifesting his wit, he extracted a wretched quibble from every hint, motion, or gesticulation of the society. Overhearing one of the members summing up the reckoning, he denied that five and three made eight, and undertook to prove the contrary by mathematical demonstration. When I called for a bowl of punch, he affirmed there was no such thing in nature; that bowls were made of porcelain, earthen-ware, wood or metals; but they could not be mad of punch, which was a liquid—*ergo*, I had confounded the *majus* with the *minus;* for, *omne majus in se aontinet minus.* An honest gentleman, who sat by the fire, having burned his fingers with a hot poker, the doctor assured him the accident was altogether an illusion; that fire did not burn, and that he could not feel pain, which was not a substance, but a mode: *ergo*, not cognizable by the sense of touching.

As we were naturally quiet and pacific, and, in truth, overawed by the enormous size of his pugilistic member, as well as by his profound skill in the art of man-slaying, which he did not fail to promulgate, we patiently submitted to the scourge of his impertinence: praying heartily that he might succeed so far in his profession as to become a practising doctor. Sometimes we enjoyed an intermission for half an evening, congratulating ourselves upon the deliverance, and began to resume our old channel of conversation, when all of a sudden he would appear like the Gorgon's head.... then every countenance fell, and every tongue was silent: his organ forthwith began to play, and nothing was heard but his eternal clapper. It was no discourse which he uttered, but a kind of *talkation* (if I may be allowed the expression,) more dissonant and disagreeable than the glass alarm-bell of a wooden clock, that should ring twenty-four hours without intermission. To support ourselves under this perpetual annoyance, we had recourse to an extraordinary pint, and smoaked a double portion of tobacco; but these expedients, instead of diminishing, served only to increase the effect of his clamour. Our tempers were gradually soured; we grew peevish to every body, but particularly sullen and morose to the doctor, who, far from perceiving the cause of our disgust, believed himself the object of our esteem and admiration; he was too much engrossed by his own impertinence to observe the humours of other men.

For three long months did we bear this dreadful visitation; at length the oldest member, who was indeed the nest-egg, died, and the other individuals began to drop off. Nothing could be more disagreeable than the situation to which I was now reduced. I was engaged in fatiguing business all day, out of humour all the evening, went home extremely ruffled, with the headach, heartburn, and hiccup, and ruminated till morning on my family discomforts. Upon recollecting all these circumstances, I pitied my condition, and compassion was soon changed into contempt. This roused my pride and resolution; I determined to turn over a new leaf, and recover the importance I had lost: I with great difficulty discontinued my attendance at the club, and my absence contributed in a great measure to its dissolution. The doctor was in a little time obliged to harangue to empty chairs, and the landlord became a bankrupt.

Thus was I delivered from the worst of plagues, an impertinent and talkative companion. I have now bid adieu to clubs, and am grown a family man; I see myself beloved by my children, revered by my servants, and respected by my neighbours. I find my expenses considerably lessened, my economy improved, my fortune and credit augmented; and in the fulness of my enjoyment, I cannot help drinking to the health of the loquacious doctor, who is likely to perform much more important cures with his tongue, than ever he will be able to effect by his prescriptions.

If you think Mr. Editor, that these hints may be serviceable to others labouring under the distemper of which I am so happily cured, you may freely communicate them to the public by the channel of your Magazine, which has been the source of much amusement to,

Sir, your very humble servant,

MISOLAUS.

DRAMA.

A new Comedy, entitled *Lovers' Resolutions*, was lately performed on Drury-Lane theatre, for the first time. The following are the principal characters:

Lord Berville	Mr. Wroughton.
General Wildmore	Mr. R. Palmer.
Major Manford	Mr. Pope.
Jack Worthington	Mr. Bannister.
Mr. Mapletop	Mr. Dawton.
Timothy Mapletop	Mr. Suett.
David	Mr. Wathen.
Lady Caroline	Mrs. Pope.
Fanny Rivers	Mrs. Young.
Mrs. Mapletop	Mrs. Sparks.

The fickleness of lovers' resolutions is the subject upon which the piece is grounded, and hence it derives its name. The scene opens with *Lord Berville* soliciting a renewal of that love which he had once interrupted between *Lady Caroline*, his daughter, and her lover *Major Manford.* The pride of the injured officer triumphs over all the weakness of his heart, though assailed by the entreaties of her father, the threatened violence of *General Wildmore*, her uncle, and the still more powerful influence of *Miss Rivers*, an amiable young lady under *Major Manford's* protection, all acting in concert to effect a reconciliation. His determination appears now fixed; but it soon changes. A sight of *Lady Caroline*, and the belief that his unkindness would endanger her life, overcome his resolution, awake all his former tenderness, and lead the way to their union. In the progress of this piece, so long as the lover's pride remains unshaken, there is no great deficiency of interest. It is conducted according to the rules of chaste and legitimate comedy; the sentiment is happily diversified with honour, friendship, courage, and parental solicitude, conveyed in simple and una-

fected language, and wrought up with so much judgment as to excite a considerable degree of attention. Farther than this point, however, we cannot extend our praise. The first interview with *Lady Caroline* divests the lover, whom we admired as a brave soldier, slighted for his poverty, though rich in honour, of all his interest, and cloathes him in more than woman's weakness. The sight of a hero, who had fought and bled upon the sands of Egypt fainting from excess of feeling in the presence of his mistress, and supported by two delicate females, excited universal laughter. Nothing is so ludicrous as delicacy, when pushed beyond its limits. Into this fault the author fell, so early as the middle of the third act; and as it continued in a greater or less proportion to the end; so the effect and impression of the last half of the piece were exactly what the most successful farce might be expected to produce. There appeared to be a falling off in the latter scenes, even in the language, which was marked in many passages with common place and inelegant expressions.

It is much to be lamented, that a comedy, evidently intended to be a legitimate one, independent of all meretricious ornament or trickery, should be so defective in its essential points. As to plot, it has none. It exhibits a number of characters but they form no combination. As grave or gay they may serve as contrasts to each other; but their interests are not mixed so as to promote or obstruct the catastrophe, or constitute a connected whole. *Miss Rivers* is an interesting and accomplished girl, and *Jack Worthington* is an honest, good hearted, illiterate Kentish yeoman; but the union of two persons so unlike, gives no pleasure to the audience. The family of the *Mapletops* are also mere matter of embellishment, to fill up the scene, particularly *Timothy*, a man milliner, introduced merely as a butt for some feeble wit directed against that effiminate set of tradesmen. It is unnecessary to pursue farther a subject that is not likely, from its reception, to draw the public attention a second time. It is said to be the production of Mr. Cumberland; but, though there are some marks of his pen in the delineation of the characters, it is so much beneath his muse, we wish to doubt the report. The Prologue spoken by Mr. Raymond, and the Epilogue by Mrs. Young, were, like the play, vapid and insipid.

The house overflowed at an early hour. Mr. Bannister attempted to announce a second representation, but without success. The disappointment cannot be attributed to the performers. Mr. and Mrs. Pope, the hero and heroine of the piece, indeed all the performers without exception, exerted themselves with zeal, and rendered it ample justice. Mrs. Spark's part is of little compass, but that little was filled with merit.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Votive Ode to Philadelphia beauty, is worthy of its theme. Our opinion of the sex is as liberal as that of our captivated correspondent.

Still reign at will, victorious fair,
In British, or Columbian air!
Still with each envying flower adorn
Your tresses, radiant as the morn;
Still let each Asiatic dye
Rich tints for your gay robes supply;
Still through the dancer's labyrinth float
And swell the sweetly lengthened note;
And when charm'd circles round you close
Of rhyming bards, and smiling beaus,
Whilst all with eager looks contend
Their wit or worth to recommend,
Still let your mild, yet piercing eyes
Impartially adjudge the prize.

"M." is advised to write for the Port Folio. In the absence of her Satire, more *clubs* than one require the wholesomeness of advice, and, perhaps, the discipline of reproof.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

There are in the city of Paris, four hundred and fifty-five booksellers, three hundred and forty bookprinters, one hundred and thirty-eight master bookbinders, forty-one stichers, three hundred and twenty-seven engravers, eighty-five copperplate printers, forty-nine printsellers, and seventy-one shops for retailing old books. The newspapers of Paris are not so many as before the consular government, the following are the numbers published daily of the following papers:

Moniteur, (official paper) -	20,000
Journal des Defenseurs, (demi-off)	10,000
Journal de Paris, - - -	16,000
Publiciste, - - - -	14,000
Journal des Debates, - -	12,000
Clef du Cabinet, - - -	6,000

The other papers, such as the old court paper, called Gazette de France, and the Journal du Commerce, Le Citoyen Francaise, Journal du Soir, &c. from five to two thousand. One paper exclusively devoted to advertisements, called Les Petits Affiches, prints thirty thousand daily!

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We lately copied from the British Critic, a brief review of the sermons of Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, one of the most eloquent of the American divines. In the London Review, for August 1801, we find the following criticism, which is still more favourable.

From the London Review for August 1801.

"SERMONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS. BY SAMUEL STANHOPE SMITH, D. D. PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW-JERSEY, IN AMERICA."

It is justly observed by the author, that no species of composition is more difficult than that before us, to execute well; so as at once to edify and please, to give the grace of novelty to old and trite truths, and to add the decent and lawful embellishments of art to the simplicity of the gospel. Arduous as the task is we think the preacher has succeeded. His models appear to be the French divines who flourished at the close of the last and commencement of the present century; and particularly Masillon. The language has energy without enthusiasm, and force without bombast: it is correct and perspicuous, elegant and impressive, and seems well calculated to alarm and convince the obstinate and careless. The subjects are....the causes of infidelity...The dangers of pleasure....The rich man and Lazarus....The penitent woman at the feet of Jesus....Industry....The Lord's supper a memorial of Christ....The united influence of reflection and sacred reading in cultivating and purifying the morals....The forgiveness of injuries....The pleasures of religion....Secret faults.... Public vices....Death....The last judgment....And the happinessof good men in a future state.

The author professes to have studied to unite the simplicity which becomes the pulpit, with a portion of that elegance which is now so loudly demanded in every kind of writing, and, with the variety of his subjects to have adopted a correspondent variety of style.

—

In a coffee-house, in London, the following *hint* was once stuck up by a witty wag. "Gentlemen, *learning to spell*, are requested to use *yesterday's* papers."

—

My Lord Bacon very finely observes that "this same truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not shew the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candlelight."

—

The tribe of *vulgar* politicians, says Edmund Burke, are the lowest of our species. There is no *trade* so *vile* and *mechanical*, as *government* in their hands. Virtue is not their habits. They are out of themselves in any *course* of conduct, recommended only by conscience and glory. A *large*, *liberal*, and *prospective* view of the interest of states passes with them for romance, *calculaters compute* them out of their senses. Jesters and buffoons shame them out of every thing grand and elevated.

—

The Editor is in possession of one of the following Stereotype editions. It is singularly accurate and beautiful.

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT.

(From the London Monthly Magazine—for March.)

The practice of Stereotype Printing, lately adopted in Paris by Didot, appears to be one of the most considerable improvements connected with literature, that has been made since the invention of moveable types—Those who confound the bookprinting with the solid pages produced in Didot's manner, are mistaken in their notions of its advantages. The solid blocks were carved or cut with great labour in a mass, whereas Didot's solid pages are cast from pages first set up with moveable types, and the moveable types are thus constructed to the best use of which they are susceptible. Upon the stereotype plan, the page is first set up in moveable types, a mould or impression is then taken of the page with any suitable plastic material, and afterwards as many solid pages are cast from the mould as may be wanted. The expense of a solid page does not exceed that of resetting it in moveable types, and the obvious advantage lies in the power which they give of taking off as many impressions at any one time as are likely to be sold. Books by this invention, will be greatly reduced in value, and those standard works for which there is a constant demand will never be out of print. Didot is enabled, to sell at Paris, neat editions of Virgil, Phædrus, Cornelius Nepos, Horace, Sallust, Ovid, the Vicar of Wakefield, the Sentimental Journey, and lady Montague's Letters, as low as seven-pence half-penny per copy. Mr. Philips, of St. Paul's Church-yard, hopes to be able to present the British public, in a short time, with neat and correct editions of the classics, and of many of the best English authors, on terms equally moderate.

—

Bishop Horseley, in a sermon on the martyrdom of Charles I, has the following passage. It is in that justly indignant tone, which every valiant and right onward man should hold to jacobins and levellers.

If any enjoying the blessings of the British government, dare to avow the wicked sentiment, that this day of national contrition, this rueful day of guilt and shame is a proud day for England to be remembered as such, by the latest posterity of freemen, with such persons it is meet that we abjure all brotherhood. Their spot is not the spot of our family. They have no claim upon our brotherly affection.

—

In the following paragraph Mr. Burke describes the caution and accuracy with which he once undertook the business to reform.

He proceeded upon principles of research to put him in possession of matter; on principles of method to regulate it; and on principles in the human mind, and in civil affairs to secure and perpetuate the operation.

—

It is deplorable to remark the prevalence of quackery in the United States. The New-York papers have whole columns, devoted to the advertising of the delusive nostrums of medical swindlers. Many of these mountebanks are "acquitted felons" and imported scoundrels, but we have a gang of physical pretenders of our own growth, who with their pills and lozenges harass the bodies of those miserable dupes who swallow such poisons.

SELECTED POETRY.

[He who remembers the jovial ballad of *Notingham ale*, will not dislike *New-Castle Beer*, a Drinking Song.]

When fame brought the news of Great-Britain's success,
And told at Olympus each gallant defeat;
Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,
To summon the deities all to a treat;
Blithe Comus was plac'd
To guide the gay feast,
And freely declared there was choice of good cheer:
Yet vow'd to his thinking
For exquisite drinking,
Their nectar was nothing to New-Castle beer.

The great god of war to encourage the fun,
And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
Sent a message that moment to *Moore's* for a tun
Of stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best:
No gods....they all swore
Regal'd so before,
With liquor so lively, so potent and clear:
Each deified fellow
Got jovially mellow,
In honour, brave boys, of our New-Castle beer.

Apollo, perceiving his talents refine,
Repents he drank Helicon water so long:
He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore song;
But, ere he began
He toss'd off his can,
There's nought, like good liquor, the fancy to cheer,
Then sang with great merit
The flavour and spirit
His godship had found in our New-Castle beer.

'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold,
It brac'd up his nerves and enliven'd his powers;
And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.
The horrible crew
Whom Hercules slew,
Were poverty, calumny, sorrow and fear,
Such a club would you borrow
To drive away sorrow
Apply for a jorum of New-Castle beer.

Ye youngsters, so diffident, languid and pale
Whom love, like the cholic, so rudely infests,
Take a cordial of this 'twill probatum prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts,
Dull whining despise
Grow rosy and wise,
No longer the jest of good fellows appear,
Bid adieu to your folly
Get tipsy....be jolly,
And smoke o'er a tankard of New-Castle beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom physic prescribes,
Whom bolus and potion have harass'd to death,
Ye wretches, whom law and her ill looking tribes
Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath,
Here's shelter and ease
No craving for fees,
No danger, no doctor, no bailiff is near,
Your spirits this raises
It cures your diseases,
There's freedom and health in our New-Castle beer.

—

HYMEN, A FABLE.

When Doris with a blush comply'd,
To be the fond Nicander's bride,
His wild imagination ran
On raptures never known by man....

How high the tides of fancy swell
Expression must despair to tell.

A painter call'd,....Nicander cries,
"Descending from the radient skies,
Draw me a bright a beauteous boy
The herald of connubial joy,
Draw him with thy peculiar care,
Make him beyond Adonis fair,
Give to his cheeks a roseate hue
Let him have eyes of heavenly blue,
A lustre o'er his charms display
More glorious than the beams of day....
Expect, sir, if you can succeed
A premium for a prince indeed."

His talents straight, the painter try'd,
And, ere the nuptial knot was ty'd,
A picture in the noblest taste,
Before the fond Nicander plac'd.

The lover thus arraign'd his skill
"Your execution's monstrous ill,
A different form my fancy made
You're quite a bungler at the trade,
Where is the robe's luxuriant flow?
Where is the cheek's celestial glow?
Where are the looks so fond and free?
'Tis not an Hymen, Sir, for me."

The painter bow'd with this reply,
"My colours a'nt, your honour, dry;
When time has mellow'd every tint,
'Twill please you, or the deuce is in't;
I'll watch the happy change and then
Attend you with my piece again."

In a few months the painter came
With a performance....still the same.

"Take it away," the *husband* cried,
I have repeated cause to chide;
Sir, you should all *excesses* shun;
This is a picture overdone!
There's too much ardour in that eye,
The tincture on the cheek's too high,
The robes have a lascivious play,
The attitude's too loosely gay,
Friend, on the whole this piece, for me,
Is too luxuriant, far too free."
The painter thus...."the fault's you find
Are form'd in your capricious mind,
To passion a devoted slave,
The first directions, Sir, you gave;
Possession has repell'd the flame
Nor left a sentiment the same.

"My picture is design'd to prove
The changes of precarious love.

"On the next stair-case rais'd on high,
Regard it with a curious eye;
As to the first steps you proceed,
'Tis an accomplish'd piece indeed!
But, as you mount some paces higher
Is there a grace that do'nt expire?"

So various is the human mind,
Such are the frailties of mankind,
What, at a distance charm'd our eyes,
After attainment droops and dies.

—

[We request some "doctus utriusque linguæ" to render the following pretty song from the French.]

CHANSON.

Profitez bien, jeunes fillettes,
Des momens fait pour les amours;
Quand on a passe ses beaux jours
Adieu panniers, vendanges son faites.

Cachez bien les faveurs secrettes,
Amans, dont vous êtes comblés;
Si tot que vous les relevez
Adieu panniers, vendanges son faites.

Il faut s'avoir en amourettes
Se saisir des tendres momens;
Pour des trop timides amans,
Adieu panniers, vendanges son faites.

Faites bien vos marchés, grisettes,
Avant qu'aimer des grands seigneurs
Si tot qu'èls ont en vos faveurs
Adieu panniers, vendanges son faites.

Defiez vous de ces coquettes,
Qui n'en voulent qu'à vos écus,
Si tot que vous, n'en avez plus
Adieu panniers, vendanges son faites.

Veuves, restez, comme vous etes
Vos amans sont doux et soûmés
Dès qu'èls sont mâitres du logis
Adieu panniers, vendanges son faites.

—

TO DELIA,

ON A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY.

How can Delia think it strange,
Time should make a lover change?

Time brings all things to an end,
Courage can't the blow defend.
See the proud aspiring oak
Falls beneath the fatal stroke;
If on beauty's cheek he preys,
Straight the rosy bloom decays,
Joy puts out his lambent fires,
And, at Time's approach expires.

How can Delia think it strange,
Time should make a lover change!

—

EPIGRAM.

Colonel Patrick O'Blarney, as honest a teague,
As ever took snuff to repel pest or plague,
Having bought a French snuff-box of papier machee,
Which to open requir'd much pains do you see!
Always kept a bent sixpence at hand in his pocket,
And call'd it his key, by the which to unlock it,
For by niggling and wedging it under the lid,
He came *at* his rappee, which was under it hid;
But one day, when he wanted a pinch for a friend,
He search'd for his tester but all to no end,
Till at last 'twixt the pocket and lining he found it,
When in rage he cried "arrah the devil confound it,
"I'll engage you don't serve me that same trick again,
"For to make me after thus hunting in vain,"
So, opening the box by the help of the tizzy,
And cramming his nose till his noddle was dizzy,
He *chuck'd in* the coin, and exclaim'd with a shrug,
While *tight* went the rim down, "so there you lie snug,"
And, my hide and seek friend, I beg leave to remind ye
That the *next time I want you....I know where to find ye.*

PRINTED FOR
THE EDITOR & ELIZABETH DICKINS.
PUBLISHED, FOR THE COUNTRY, AT
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET;
AND, FOR THE CITY, BY
WILLIAM FRY,
NO. 36, CHESNUT-STREET.
FROM THE PRESS OF
HUGH MAXWELL, COLUMBIA-HOUSE.